

Mechanic Apprentice.

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WALTER MURRAY, } Editors.
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EDITORIAL NOTICES.

We have to beg of our friends, and all who take an interest in our cause to bestir themselves in behalf of the "*Mechanic Apprentice*," and endeavor to procure us as many more subscribers as possible. Though we have enough to ensure its publication for a year, we should feel sensibly the benefits arising from a more extensive list of subscribers, in lessening our labors and making the establishment of our paper more sure. We cannot expect that our subscribers will each be enabled to forward us a list of new ones, but if only half of them will send us in *one* more name it will be a most material assistance.

We would urge the members of our association to stir up the talent which we feel assured they possess, and endeavor to add to the number and worth of our contributions. We are afraid that too many of our fellow-members are hiding their lights under a bushel, instead of endeavoring to improve their own minds and enlighten those of their readers. "If any such there be," we would request them at once to think, put their thoughts upon paper, and send it right along to swell the contents of our "Editor's Box." Let them strive, at the same time, to impart to their productions as much as possible of sound sense, beauty, wit, and every other good quality, *except length*—"Take any shape but that." If our members only were aware how much benefit themselves would derive from thus "cudgelling their brains," and, moreover, if they only knew how gratifying it is to the feelings of the occupant of an editorial chair (which chair, by the way, *may* be only a three-legged stool,) to behold before him a good-sized pile of articles, and to be enabled to exercise his powers of discrimination to the full in reading them over and separating the sheep from the goats, they would not only communicate freely and often but also at an early date, in order to give time for due selection.

We would desire those of our friends who have not yet paid their subscription to communicate with our treasurer as soon as possible, that we may know how many of our subscribers we can depend upon.

We are not quite sure that we have not been vain enough to flatter ourselves that these, our manifold requests, will have some weight with our friends. If so, and if our presumptions are not incorrect, we shall be extremely happy to see them acceded to, and to observe the beneficial results.

We have heard some of our readers suggest the propriety of our inserting a number of short articles and paragraphs, instead of the whole-page communications which it has been our wont to submit to their notice. Our defence is, in the first place, that our present system affords freer scope for the exercise of the minds of our contributors and tends to produce to our readers more solid and substantial food, and in the second place, that being only editor, nay, only an editor of this little sheet, we are entirely at the mercy of our contributors. If our friends will *not* send us in these aforesaid short paragraphs, "Why, gentlemen, what *can* we do." We have endeavored, as our friends will see, to meet their views as far as paragraphs are concerned, in our page, and we are only afraid they will say, "more's the pity." Then, gentlemen, send, and we will insert.

We are pleased to acknowledge a flattering notice from the fair conductors of our worthy contemporary, the "*Lowell Offering*." We value their good opinion, and thus notice it in particular, because, since we deem that we are laboring on in the same good cause with them, in the same sphere, and on the same footing, we feel a sincere and heartfelt sympathy with them and theirs. Most cordially do we return them their kind welcome. "The hand of fellowship to you,"—*ladies!*

Owing to some unknown cause, we did not receive per last steamer the usual letter from our friend in England, but shall, doubtless, be enabled to insert it in our next.

OUR FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

Since our association has deemed it their duty to celebrate the sixty-ninth anniversary of the birthday of freedom in the western world, it seems incumbent upon us to give some account of the festivities on that occasion. We have no doubt that if our perceptive faculties were largely developed, or if we were as "great in description" as the Alphas of the fraternity of which we are the Omega, (*meagre*, we fear, indeed,) we should be able to make quite an interesting affair of it. But alas! our imagination soars not very high above the clouds; poetry is neither our profession nor our nature, and since, like Sam Weller, being gifted with "honny hiis" instead of "patent double million hextra magnifying glasses of superior power," our "vision's limited," we can only give a general idea of the proceedings that afternoon.

We met, then, about half-past three, P. M. on the 4th instant, in our Association Rooms, and, in the first place, sat down to an excellent dinner, surrounded, above and below, and on all sides, as Americans should be on that glorious day, by numberless stars and stripes, peering forth from banner, bunting, and flag. The unassuming, (to say the least of it,) pillars of our place of meeting, ever to be revered in apprentice memory, reveled in the embrace of evergreens, and wreaths of the same material graced the brows of those great men whose busts were displayed here and there around the hall. Even the plain and show-de-

spising Franklin, himself, smiled down upon us from on high, his head encircled by a wreath of evergreens, which we are sure he would, if alive, have quickly exchanged for the old fur cap in which we so often see him depicted.

After the dinner, some of our past members, whose names are dear to the hearts of those of us whose hearts are concerned in the welfare of the association, addressed us in an able and eloquent manner, at greater or less length. They told us of the past history and future prospects of our association—they told us of what had been done in times past, and how rocks and shoals had been evaded, and trials overcome. It was with true pleasure that we listened to these, our elder brothers, and they did more, far more, for the comfort and improvement of our minds, than did or could the famous Wright, of Tontine celebrity, for the health of our bodies.

We need not repeat the numerous toasts and sentiments that were given, all scrupulously observed in temperance fashion, for we are afraid that their mere enumeration would add a page to the contents, if not to the interest of our paper. Suffice it to mention that we did not forget that first and greatest of all toasts, the very original, happily conceived, glorious, but by lapse of time grown somewhat facetious one, "the American Eagle," of immortal memory. Some poetical effusions were read; two of which, one by a member, the other by a very talented past member, A. J. H. Duganne, we insert in our present number.

The meeting was characterized throughout by order, unanimity, and earnest good will; and it separated with one only regret, namely, that more of our friends were not present. About fifty sat down to dinner, but we are assured that had there been one hundred and fifty they would all have left the hall with faces beaming with good nature, hearts light as a printer's pocket but full as the pod of the cotton plant just before bursting, minds refreshed and invigorated, and stomachs—but, soft; the dinner bell is ringing—we must away, taking to heart the bitter reflection that the fourth of July comes but once a year, and that this is "the day after the fair."

We will now present to our readers the following lively verses, which should have been recited at the commencement of our late celebration, but which, from some cause, were not delivered until a later stage of the afternoon's proceedings. They embody a general invitation to the festivities, and consequently must be looked upon as introductory to them.

"Come back to your mother, ye children, for shame,
Who have wandered like truants, for riches or fame;
With a smile on her face, and a sprig in her cap,
She calls you to feast from her bountiful lap."

Come! hie to our banquet, ye artisans all,—
Ye Knights of the Hammer, and Lapstone, and Awl,
Come, toss your old soles to the moths and to—me,
And join in the chorus of Liberty's glee.

Ye Painters and Daubers, eschew your foul stains,
While the bright red of nature yet runs in your veins;
Your pots and your brushes—O, throw them away,
And mingle in gladsome communings to-day.

Ye Knights of the Shears, whose delight is to dwell,
Mid piles of dyed wool, and on *Cabbage* to swell,
Leave your geese and your thimbles, your needles and thread,
To revel in gladness, mid genius and—bread:

Leave your broad cloths and short cloths, your diabs
and your does,
Your wide-bottomed trowsers and pants made like
hose,
Forsake your wide skirts with their cotton and bran,
And prove yourselves more than the "ninth of a man."

Ye Sons of the Forge, let your anvils be still.
Or leave Vulcan to hammer whenever he will;
Fetch him down from his shop by the dread lava's tide,
To blow up the coals from the Peach Mountain side.

Ye Lights of the World, come hasten this way,
Let the earth rest in darkness for—only a day;
Let old Faust sleep in peace, undisturbed by the din,
Made by pieces of lead upon slices of tin.

Cease your prating of wonders, of awfals, and dires,
Your stories of shipwrecks or horrible fires;
Stop your praising of books and your puffing of pills,
Your chopping with scissors or scrawling with quills.

Leave your sticks and your cases, your dull copy
leaves,
Your trials of temper, and trials of thieves;
Come here in good humor, with youth's ready smile,
Let the "devil" take charge of your presses the while.

Come, hasten this way, all ye laboring brood,
Whose hopes for the future are centered in wood,
Forsake for a season your shops and your tools.
Your saws and your hammers, and famed Gunter's
rules;

Shake the dust from your soles; kick the shavings one
side;
Leave your horses bare-backed, for the beggars to ride,
Who in spite of the proverb, where'er they would go,
Must still find his Pegasus *in statu quo*.

Here are ducks on the table, whose grand-dadies swam,
Where the Naiads erst bathed and the Muses erst sang;
Here are fishes who've crossed, like the hero of yore,
In search of his mistress, the Hellespont o'er.

Here are geese in the crowd, whose progenitor's notes
Preserved once an empire, and saved Roman throats;
And pigeons whose tongues, could they only speak
out,
Would enlighten the world how the ark rode about.

These things may seem strange, I grant it, to you,
But strange as they seem, they still may be true,
And truer they are, at least to my mind,
Than the tales which in Homer or Virgil you find.

Then come from all quarters, from streets, alleys, and
lanes,
Wherever the din of the artisan reigns;
Come long men and short men, come great and come
small,
And hie to the banquet at Phillips's Hall.

We must confess that on such occasions as "the
glorious Fourth" we are not apt to indulge in such a
merry mood as must have given birth to the above.
On that day we could not take our mind from Burns's
lines engraven on an altar to Liberty:

Thou of an independent mind—
With soul resolved, with soul resigned,
Prepared power's proudest flights to brave,
Who wilt not be nor have a slave,
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thine own reproach alone dost fear—
Approach this shrine, and worship here!

A POEM

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE,

A FAST MEMBER; read before the M. A. L. A. 4th July, 1845.

What is the Poet's task?

To tear the grave-clothes from the buried ages —
 To lift the mighty curtain of the Past,
 And 'mid the war that old opinion wages
 Deal out his warnings like the trumpet-blast —
 This is the Poet's task!

Thank God for light!

Praised be the source of mortal might and being,
 That he hath stripped the veil from off our eyes!
 Now, in the blessed consciousness of seeing,
 Man may gaze upward on the glorious skies
 With a strong sight.

Labor hath raised its voice!

The strong right arm, the mighty limb of iron,
 The hand, embrowned by grappling with its toil,
 The eyes, that on the perils which environ
 Gaze from the honest soul that bears no soil —
 These are its silent voice!

Silent — but O, how deep!

Rousing the world to grapple with its curses —
 Speaking the hope of freedom to the earth!
 Vulcan-like stand again those iron nurses
 To give the panoplied Minerva forth
 From her long, death-like sleep!

Read me, ye school-men, now —

Read me the Nazarite's riddle, freshly spoken;
 "Out of the strong comes sweetness," once again
 From the brute appetite his chains are broken,
 Giveth he meat unto the souls of men —
 'T is the world's riddle now!

Forth shall the nations start —

Labor is calling on the heart and spirit —
 Labor is casting all its gyves away —
 Labor the garland and the sheaf shall merit!
 Break thou upon my sight that glorious day!
 Bless thou the Poet's heart!

A septuagint of years hath Freedom's hand
 Engraven on the altar of our land;
 A mighty septuagint, a glorious scroll,
 Rich with the imprint of a nation's soul:
 A septuagint, since first the midwife, Right,
 Brought forth young freedom on yon battle-height;
 And since, through all the shrouded lands of earth
 Those years have borne the tidings of her birth;
 Even like the seventy missioned ones of old,
 Who first the tide of truth through startled nations
 rolled.

Turn we a little period to the climes
 Made old by miseries, by wars, by crimes;
 Turn we to scan the page of Europe now,
 Mark we the brand upon her bondsman's brow,
 Read we the writing on the crumbling wall
 Of Europe's Babylon, so soon to fall,
 List we the lesson that through many an age
 Hath culminated to the Present's stage;
 And with each darksome truth that o'er our souls
 In one broad tide of full conviction rolls,
 Learn we within our hearts the moral stern,
 That once, and only once, a nation's soul may learn!

The old world rests! The trump of war is hushed;
 Men's blood is calm that once in madness gushed;
 The statesman pulls a nation's puppet-wire;
 Sheathed is the sword, and curbed the war-steeds fire;
 Peace o'er the nations spreads her radiant wings,
 Peace o'er the war-fields now her shrine upflings;
 Monarch with monarch grasps the friendly hand —
 Despot with despot feasts — a firm-knit brother-band.

And where is man when despots pledge their truth?

Where is the mass when tyrants stoop to ruth?
 Ask ye if Peace to Man her blessings yields?
 Poland shall answer from her blasted fields!
 Forth from Siberia's wastes the dreadful shriek
 Of dying men, the sad reply shall speak.
 Ask ye if Peace to Man hath given rest?
 Gaze ye on Ireland, trampled and oppressed!
 Mark ye the sluggish sleep of fallen Spain —
 Behold the peace of her who rules the main!
 Peace hath but given to the tyrant crew
 A breathing-space to forge the chains anew;
 Peace hath but lent the despot's iron might
 New impetus to crush the soul of Right!

Man — he who labors — he whose ceaseless toil
 Gives to his lords their glory and their spoil; —
 Man thunders not abroad the voice of war,
 Yokes not his blooming fields to havoc's car; —
 His voice sounds not when counselled monarchs
 To hurl their gauntlets at each other's feet; [meet
 Man is the slave, the mute, whose ear receives
 The mandate, and whose arm the work achieves.
 Kings bleed not on their battle-fields, nor die
 When Desolation waves his torches high; —
 Kings starve not when the ruined peasant mourns
 O'er blasted fields, whose harvest ne'er returns.
 Monarchs but lose their battles — *man*, his life,
 His home, his hearth-stone, in the gainless strife;
 And when the tocsin sounds no more to arms, —
 When battle's trump no more his ear alarms,
 The wretch with ruined hopes and shattered frame,
 Toils, till he build once more a cenotaph to fame!

A mighty spirit is awake, abroad!

Mightier than crown or sceptre, purse or sword;
 The mind of man its swaddling-clothes hath doffed,
 The soul hath plumed its wings to soar aloft!
 From the old woods of Germany upswell
 The voiceful truths that in her bosom dwell;
 From the dark mines where England's gold is wet
 By blood of serfs, or children's toil-wrung sweat;
 From Ireland's swamps, where, like electric flame,
 Leaps on, from heart to heart, her chieftain's name;
 Iberia's vine clad hills, the shrines of Greece,
 And Gaul that slumbers in her slavish peace.

Slumbers! — but from her slumbers she will turn,
 Like the roused Nazarene, her bonds to spurn.
 Gaul slumbers as the huge old Lemnian snake,
 Gorged with her blood! how soon may she awake!
 How soon, once more, may peal the 'larum shout,
 From the enthusiast millions gushing out!
 In her bowed spirit, swelling with the thought
 Of slavish peace, — alas! too dearly bought —
 Lingers the hope, that in the van of war,
 Again triumphantly shall shine her leading star!

And Spain, too, from her targe hath stripped the gold
 Till its rough iron ringeth as of old!
 She hath o'er-learned the lesson of her fate,
 That nations in themselves alone are great.
 Her hope ariseth; and the first alarm,
 Bidding once more the startled nations "arm!"
 Shall wake her trumpet on each snow-capped height,
 Till from her thrones shall fall her tyrants in affright!

Blossoms are dropping from our Freedom-tree
Each hour, to waft themselves across the sea —
Blossoms, whose broad-cast seed shall fill the earth
Till a new forest shall upspring to birth!
A mighty Banian is that glorious trunk;
In the blood-nurtured battle-soil 't is sunk,
And branching forth, with ever-ripening fruit,
New shoots are clustering to another root!
O, may its mighty shade forever spread,
Till the whole world shall rest beneath its sheltering head.

Here, at the primal root, a nation's care
Must guard the Mecca of each patriot's prayer!
Here must the holy heritage of Right
Be cherished as the sun's all-fostering light;
Here must the youth, the warm, free, generous youth
The standard raise of Honor and of Truth —
Ye must do this, ye, who of future years,
And worlds unborn, are now the pioneers —
Ye, who, upon the plastic tablet, Life,
Must write *yourselves* — ye, who, in peace or strife,
Must move the world, while of the world a part —
Ye, who of God's creation are the beating heart!

And here, as Freedom's voice, in swerveless power,
The omnipotent *Press* must rule the changing hour;
Here must the iron accents wake the song
Of love to bear each leaping heart along —
Here must it speak for man — must war with crimes,
Must bid the oppressor pause, and sway the varying times!

Vast is thy power — alas! for weal or woe!
A nation's greatness, or its overthrow!
Not with the might of monarchs workest thou!
That sway to-day, to-morrow humbly bow —
Not with the might of edicts, that the words
Of man may model as his will accords —
Not thine the power which speeds the murderous ball,
And then its mighty engine may recall:
Their work is finished, and their great results
Cease with the beating of their mover's pulse!
But thine is absolute — for good or ill,
Eternally its power must save or kill!
Let but one thought, from out the womb of Time,
Leap to the *PRESS* — henceforth, nor sky, nor clime,
Nor land, nor sea, nor king, nor serf, can stay
Its course, or crush it in its onward way: —
It is, and shall be — till the heaven shall roll
Together, in a vast and flaming scroll —
And on that scroll, in words of living fire,
Shall blaze the thought till time itself expire!

And be it yours to sway the all-swaying press!
And on its thought your master-thought impress:
Its aims direct for Reason and for Right,
The radii of your Freedom's beacon-light!

Beautiful, 'mid the nations, goeth forth
Our country's genius o'er the wandering earth —
Beautiful in the knowledge of its power,
And trust in Him who ruled its darkest hour!
A change hath glided, peaceful o'er our land,
A people's voice hath uttered its command:
The staff of rule hath passed from peer to peer —
Yet glorious, steadfast union still is here.
No maddening boasts assail the fevered mind —
No boisterous mirth to Reason's maxims blind;
The mighty clock that tells the nation's time,
Wound up, stops not, but still repeats its chime;
And though, perchance, new hands obey its spring,
Be sure, when danger threatens a 'larum peal, 'twill ring!

We change our rulers as the golden grain
In its full pride is gathered from the plain,
It hath fulfilled its promise; and its place
A richer harvesting mayhap shall grace.
Yet cast we not the *garnered* grain aside —
It hath been, and still is, our glory and our pride!

A year hath gone since with united thought
Your last proud gifts to Freedom's shrine ye brought,
Since last her mighty monument was decked
With soul-sprung flowers, and gems of intellect.
A year hath joined its kindred! From the cloud
Of vanished Time it hath spun out its shroud.
Hearts have been sundered — hearths, that glowed
Of old
With love's bright watchfire, now are changed and cold!
The grave hath closed o'er many a cherished head,
The fondly-loved have mingled with the Dead:
These hath a year, upon the silent breast
Of Time's broad river, wafted to their rest.

A plague hath been among us — in the hearts
Of men that reigns when holy love departs!
The plague that fires the passions of mankind,
Obscures the vision, makes the reason blind,
Whets the keen axe to glut the headsman's ire,
Sharpens the sword, and lights the funeral-pyre.

That Plague is Bigotry — the mighty pall,
The nightmare of the spirit — crushing all
The life of liberty beneath its iron thrall!

Ye saw, when Penn's fair city lit the brand,
Waved the bright torch, and bared the bloody hand,
The time-worn avenues that gladly once
Poured forth the Declaration's first response,
A year ago with furious riot raged —
With creed and country deadly war was waged.
The walls of that old church, where first was heard
Those glorious words that since the world have stirred,
Fired by the midnight torch, in ruins fell,
While round the tottering Cross was heard the bigot's yell.

What though the cry of country and of right
They raised? What though our country's banner bright
Fluttered in triumph through the reddened air?
Say, did the hands of freemen lift it there?
Say, can they claim who lit the vengeful brand
The glorious title of a patriot band? [names
Or can ye match their deeds with those whose
Are highest on our country's roll, and Fame's?
Our *fathers* fought where Freedom's fight was gained —
They where the shrines of heaven with blood were stained;

Our *fathers'* fires were prison-walls — their hands
In God's own mansion cast the burning brands; —
Our fathers' banners waved o'er crowns and thrones,
Theirs o'er crushed altars, and o'er dead men's bones!

Oh, may the dire effects of this dark strife
When brethren grasped the gun and bared the knife,
Be warning to the vengeful hearts of men.
Oh, may the bigot's power ne'er lift again
Its venomous folds among us! may we feel
'Tis nobler than revenge, the cause of strife to heal!

A chief hath fallen, e'en now the nation's tears
Bedew his tomb, and shall through future years —
He who in battle's van was ever first,
When rude invaders o'er our country burst —

Jackson, the chief of Orleans, hath been crowned
With Freedom's garland, conqueror o'er the grave;
While in one breast a freeman's heart shall bound,
Shall live the memory of the immortal brave!

A Chief hath fall'n in Israel. O'er my heart
Rush the proud scenes in which he bore a part.
Jackson hath fall'n; whose voice through half the
earth

Hath sent the lessons of our freedom forth —
Jackson, whose arm hath been his country's shield,
Jackson, the chief in Forum and in Field.

Leave ye with me the pageant of the day,
Steal with me to the Hermitage away —
The chieftain's home, as on that night it seemed
When first the eternal life upon his spirit beamed.

I.

'T was evening, and the hush of night crept down
Upon the Hero's home. The golden clouds
Of sunset canopied the western sky,
And, lingering ere it vanished, one bright ray
Fell gently from the eye of day, and stole
Tremblingly through the casement, till its light
Quivered upon the warrior's dying brow.

II.

One fleecy cloud slept midway in the heavens,
Half hiding in a veil of silver light
Two kneeling seraphs, who, with parted lips,
Hung bending o'er the earth; and as the last
Bright sunbeam vanished in the golden west,
A solemn chaunt, as for a dying man,
Thrilled through the listening air.

III.

A mighty voice
Moved down from heaven — "Spirit of the soul!
What hath this mortal done?"

IV.

Amid the cloud
A form arose, as of an armed maid,
Upon whose shield was graven "LIBERTY,"
And, bending o'er the hushed and silent earth,
Struck thrice upon that bright palladium!

V.

Across the vault of ether rushed the sound,
Like trampling steeds, and down the eastern sky
Rode charging squadrons; and the dreadful pomp
Of a wild battle moved upon the heavens;
Swords gleamed o'er crested heads, and banners rose
And fell, like flashing sunbeams, and the shock
Of closing armies shook the rocking clouds.

VI.

Still bent the warrior-maiden from the skies —
Still struck the shield of Liberty!

VII.

Then rose
Amid the clouds and lightnings of the fight,
A warrior-chieftain in the battle's van —
A bright sword, circling his majestic head,
Even like a meteor lit the path of war —
While, upward borne before his martial breast,
Glittered a snow-white banner, with one word
Emblazoned on its folds — 't was *Liberty*.

VIII.

Then raised the Spirit of the Warrior's soul
Her kindling eyes to where the sunset clouds
Were rolled asunder, and the vistaed sky
Seemed like the gates of Heaven! One white hand
Was held aloft, as if in proud appeal;
And in the other gleamed the crossier hilt
Of a bright falchion, from whose beamy point
A ray of light fell on the warrior-chief.

IX.

Again the mighty voice moved down the sky,
While, rolling upward from the darkened east,
A pall of clouds enwrapped the aerial war —
"Spirit of Liberty! the glorious deeds
Of this, thy son, do merit well of Heaven!
Yet not enough, yet not enough, to win
The crown of glory, hath this man achieved!"

X.

The radiant eyes of Liberty grew dim,
As, fading from her sight, the golden gates
Of glory vanished in the western wave!

XI.

Then rose up in the silent sky, with mild
And holy light, a single silver star —
And, leaning on the arm of Liberty,
Beamed forth upon the cloud the gentle form
Of that bright seraph who beneath her shield
Had slumbered. Crossed upon her modest breast
Her white hands rested, pressing to the heart
A silver cross!

XII.

Again the Mighty Voice
Moved down from heaven — "Spirit of the Soul!
What hath this mortal done?"

XIII.

The seraph's eyes
Grew moist with trembling hope. With one fair
arm
Wound round her sister, Liberty, she knelt,
Lifting above the silver shield — the Cross;
While gently from her trusting eyes fell down
A glance upon the death-bed of the brave!
A warrior's death-bed, not amid the clouds
Of battle, nor the strife of battling men —
But calm and peaceful as an infant's couch,
That chieftain's dying-bed.

XIV.

The seraph's eye
Kindled anew with hope — for on the breast
Of that stern warrior as upon her own,
Rested the *silver Cross*!

XV.

Then, like the breath
That stirs the rose-leaf, from the heavens fell
A whispered blessing — "He hath won the crown!"
And in the moonbeams that o'er all the earth
Cast now a flood of holy light, sank down
The seraphs to the death-bed of the chief —
Liberty and Religion watched his couch!

Friends, brothers, as was his be still your aim,
To keep alive our Freedom's sacred flame;
Still be your deeds the measure of your life —
By truth and honor led, with love and friendship rife!

A TALE OF THE INDIANS,

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

[Continued from p. 14.]

I remained in this state of suspense for about ten minutes, when the Indians retired from the brow of the precipice, and disappeared in the woods which crowned its top. Not knowing but that they might be coming round to the shore, I did not stir from my place of concealment, but kept my eyes fixed on the spot where they would probably make their appearance. While thus engaged, a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and I at once gave myself up for lost. However, I determined to sell my life as dearly as possible, and, seizing my knife and tomahawk, I started to my feet and turned to behold my enemy. My fears were instantly dissipated on seeing the countenance of Pete, who, rifle in hand, was standing by my side. 'I thought you were dead!' exclaimed I. 'Whist!' said he, 'the varmints are coming down to the lake. I suspect they've got a canoe hid in the bushes round here; there are six of them, all warriors on a war party. They have got two female prisoners, and we must get them out of their clutches.'

We then started for a small hollow, a little way off on the edge of the lake, across which an old pine tree had fallen, and in which a considerable number of persons could have been easily concealed. We carefully hid ourselves here, and watched for the approach of the Indians. In a short time they made their appearance, in Indian file, by the foot of the rocks, and directed their course to the lake. They here halted, and two of them, entering the bushes, brought out a couple of canoes and launched them on the water. Four of them then got into each canoe, which they paddled along within a few rods of our place of concealment. I involuntarily raised my rifle, and was on the point of firing, when my hand was arrested by Pete. "Foolish boy," said he, "do you want your scalp in the hands of these savages? You could do no good by firing, even if your shot should take effect. Hold on; I'll fix 'em yet." The Indians paddled directly for the island, to which they evidently had some means of access. They directed their course to the farther side of the rock, so that we could not see them disembark, but, satisfying ourselves that they had really landed on it, we crept cautiously to our hut on the knoll, where we were soon busily engaged devising plans for attacking the savages and rescuing the captives.

The means by which the Indians had landed on the island were entirely unknown to us, for it appeared to be a smooth wall of rock on all sides. We finally concluded to watch them closely, and to attack them as opportunity offered. After seeing that our arms were in good order, we set out for the cliffs which nearly overhung the island, in order to reconnoitre the position of the savages. After considerable trouble, we found a place from which we could see distinctly all that transpired among them. The island was about thirty feet lower than the place where we stood, and was about forty rods from the shore, on the side next to us. The Indians were gathered round a fire on the northern side, and were eating their frugal meal of dried deerflesh and parched corn.

"We'll give them a shot!" said Pete, "and then watch their movements." We accordingly took deliberate aim, and fired. As soon as the smoke cleared away, we could see that our shots had both taken effect. The Indians had lost their accustomed caution, and were running here and there. We were engaged in loading our rifles, when a startling war-whoop over our heads filled the air. We cast one look that way, and then started for the woods. Behind us was a body of about twenty-five savages in

hot pursuit. Pete, pronouncing the words "Deer Rocks," started off in a different direction from the one taken by me. As we gained the cover of the woods, a volley of rifle bullets whistled round our ears, but, being fired in haste, they did no damage. The greater portion of the Indians pursued Pete, whom they instantly recognized, and they left but two or three of their number to follow after me. I took my way down the rocky glen by which we had ascended the rocks, and on gaining the level ground at the foot I turned to observe my pursuers. On seeing but one near me, who was fast approaching, I stopped, and, taking deliberate aim at him, fired. The Indian discovered my purpose too late to save himself; he fell dead. I then turned to run, and discovered a tall and powerful Indian directly in front of me, evidently waiting for my coming up. My rifle was unloaded, but, grasping my tomahawk and knife, I closed with him. Before I had grappled with him, he threw his hatchet, which, however, took effect only on the little finger of my left hand. I repaid this by sinking my tomahawk in his thigh. He clutched me as he fell, and we both sunk to the ground together; myself, fortunately uppermost. And now commenced a terrible and doubtful conflict. We rolled over and over, inflicting desperate wounds upon each other; but, his strength beginning to fail, his blows became more feeble and at length utterly harmless. I grasped his right arm, and, nerving myself for a desperate blow, drove my knife through his heart. He fell dead. I gave one thought to my home, and fell insensible.

We will now turn to Pete. He had instantly calculated the force of the Indians; their shouts had warned him that he was known, and that every exertion would be used to effect his capture. He therefore laid his course for a range of smooth, naked rocks, on which no trail could stay. He soon outran his pursuers, and, gaining the rocks, went on a short distance and then turned in a diagonal direction from his former course, burying himself in the obscurity of the surrounding thickets, which were rendered more impervious to the sight by the growing darkness that was fast gathering over the forest. The Indians spread themselves out and searched the woods at the foot of the rocks, but Pete had gained full an hour's start of them; and the party returned without being able to find his trail, as it was too dark to continue the search further.

[To be concluded in our next.]

PETITION FOR HUMBLE HAPPINESS.

BY JOHN TEMPLE AGER.

Would that kind Heaven would grant to me a boon! —
One gracious gift! — one undeserved bequest!
'T would make me happy. There is a lovely spot,
With thick, umbrageous boughs most close entwined;
A babbling brook, both clear and beautiful,
Runs rippling by. There stands the humble cot
My heart desires. For this I fondly pray!
The rising sun should gild the verdant mead,
And Heaven's light irradiate my mind —
Each flower that blooms a wholesome lesson teach —
And, should some heavy thought or care oppress,
And trouble for a moment clog my soul,
The cheerful lark's blithe carol in the air
Will elevate again, and raise to bliss
My drooping spirit.

This is the utmost measure of my wish.
Should it be granted, all of life that's left
I'll dedicate in studying Nature,
Unto Nature's God — then die in peace.

WANDERINGS.

BY A WANDERER.

CHAPTER II.

"Coach, Sir, Coach? only a shilling."—*Somebody.*

We arrived in New Bedford about half past ten A. M., and no sooner had the cars stopped, than we (i. e. the passengers,) were beset by *cabmen*, whose name might be called "legion," for they were many, with pressing invitations for us to ride, in so doing conferring on them a lasting obligation, which would be a happy reminiscence in days to come, but more especially as making them the recipients of a slight *fee* for their amiable hospitality. One young gentleman, with a soiled hat and an injured eye, seized my portmanteau with a most becoming familiarity, and was on the point of thrusting me into his box, much against my own inclination, when I gently dashed his hopes to the ground by suggesting that I usually carried my own *trunk*, the resemblance I bore to an elephant by pursuing that course of conduct to the contrary notwithstanding. Reluctantly leaving his agreeable company, I had scarcely gained the door, when I was met by another, who in a half audible and a half inaudible voice poured into my ear the gratifying intelligence that he had "a very easy cab and would carry me cheap." Supposing, from his tone and manner, that his information was strictly confidential, I replied in a whisper that although I duly appreciated the comfort and convenience of his vehicle, and, furthermore, decidedly favored the principle of "low fares," yet I had concluded to make a practical illustration of the theoretical adage, "Every man is obliged to get through the world on his own legs." My explanation appeared to be perfectly satisfactory, and we separated. As I turned the angle of the building, I was again waylaid by another of the like species, who, seizing me by the button-hole, commenced a high eulogium on the merits of his horse, cab, and himself. Suddenly, dexterously, and in a very mysterious manner, changing his right hand from my button-hole to his whip, and his left from his whip to my button-hole, he very quietly touched up a little dog who was on the point of applying his nasal feature to the base of a neighboring post. On the receipt of this unexpected salutation, the poor little animal uttered a

"piercing shriek —
The very cry of Nature,"

and immediately hurried off; as if he had been suddenly reminded of a very pressing engagement. Under cover of the boisterous mirth incited by this exploit, with which my friend was refreshing himself, I coolly made my exit, and was soon on the highway for the town.

The heart of the town, or rather I should say the centre of business, is some distance from the depot, and from the depot it is upwards of a mile, I should think, to the "Nantucket Steamboat Landing;" for to that point in the geographical arrangement of New Bedford was I bound. By dint of enquiry my way was made plain before me. As I drew near the pier, I met several, who, seeing me with luggage in hand, seemed, as I thought, to regard me as a victim of disappointment, none of them, however, vouchsafing to speak, except an old gentleman who kindly told me to hurry on or I should be too late. This was sufficient; any further remark from him would have been superfluous. I rushed precipitately down the pier, but all to no purpose. The moorings were cast off, the wheels were turning, and the boat, (just far enough from the pier to prevent my jumping on board,) was

"Walking the waters like a thing of life,"

much to my chagrin and disappointment.

And here, my dear reader, allow me to suggest a word of advice. Let me intreat you, be your condition what it may, placed in whatever situation, either by choice or chance, in whatever country or in either hemisphere—never refuse to ride in a cab, or *you* may be as *I* was; too late for the Nantucket steamboat.

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound,"

thought I, as I observed the half smothered laughter of the bystanders; but, endeavoring to endure it like a martyr, I retraced my steps, in search of a hotel. I had observed the — House during my walk down, and I accordingly turned in thither, changed my raiment, and tarried there during my sojourn in New Bedford.

CHAPTER III.

New Bedford.

I was met, on entering, by the clerk,—so called—the particular routine of whose duties was, to reduce theory to practice, viz: "*taking in strangers.*" At his particular request, I recorded my name in a book of autographs and residences,—after which I was shown to my room, number —, third story. You (or I did) ascend two flights of stairs, turn to the left, take a straight passage through a long entry, and if you do *not* stop to look at that young lady who *was* looking over the stairway, you will experience much sooner than I did the pleasures of a private exuberance in that small room, containing a chair, window, bed and door, each in separate corners, the latter article answering the purpose of not only the means of ingress and egress to and from the apartment, but also as an aperture through which is thrust a woolly head, every morning, with the brief interrogatory, "Boots, sir?"—but I digress.

After allowing my perturbed feelings to become sufficiently quieted, that I might rationally exercise the natural functions of mind, I sallied out to see "the lions."

New Bedford is situated at the head of Buzzard's bay, at the mouth of Acushnet river. Its site, which is very pleasant, is on a slope of land, of gradual ascent from the water, facing nearly east. The most favorable view of the town is had from the harbor, from which place the plan of the town is at once seen.

The business of New Bedford is principally whale fisheries; very few vessels in the merchant service sail from this harbor. There are several large factories for the manufacture of oil, candles, and so forth, in town, but I had not an opportunity of visiting any one of them. If I had had that pleasure, though I should not have expected to see many lawyers or children, yet I should probably have come in contact with almost any quantity of *head matter* and *blubber*.

The streets attract the attention of the stranger by their shady walks; there being trees on both sides, which not only add to the beauty of the street, but also to the comfort of the pedestrian. Would that the "fathers of the city of our habitation would follow the example."

The dwelling-houses are very pleasantly situated; those in the upper part of the town, in County and the adjoining streets, (the residences of the *aristocracy*, if I may be allowed the use of that term in this democratic country,) with their gardens of flowers and shrubbery, strongly impressed me as answering to the correct definition of "domestic happiness."

Of the churches that I had an opportunity of seeing, the largest and the most elegant in point of architecture are the Unitarian, Orthodox, and Episcopalian—the first two built of granite, of the Gothic style;

the last, also of the Gothic order, of wood, and sanded in imitation of freestone.

The hotels, among which are "Parker's," "the Mansion House," "Cole's," and so forth, and so forth, are very well kept, at least, if I may be allowed to judge by the one in which I was for the time being domiciled. There the servants were attentive and polite, and throughout the whole establishment the comfort and convenience of the guests were attended to. Among the public buildings are the Custom House and Post Office, which are in the same building, the Town Hall, New Market, an elegant building of granite lately erected, several Banks, Insurance offices, and so forth, and so forth.

Across the river or harbor is a village which I supposed held the same relationship to New Bedford as East Boston holds to Boston, but, upon enquiry, I was made aware of my mistake. Though formerly a part of the town, it had "dissolved the political bonds which had connected them," and had assumed the name of Fairhaven. I concluded to visit the place after dinner, and was patiently awaiting the announcement of that important event in the daily life of man, in the mean time gazing out at the reading-room window, when my attention was attracted upon two young men, who were holding an animated discussion on a subject of vital importance. Unhappily, they could not come to a satisfactory conclusion, and I—yes, *I*, (the personal pronoun emphatically pronounced) was appealed to for my opinion on the question, which I commenced with a very *luminous* flourish, and was fast coming to the cream of my argument, when I was interrupted by one of them with the impertinent remark, "that I was *young*, and was not expected to understand the subject in all its—hem!—*multifarious* (with emphasis) bearings." At this *hint* at my youth and verdancy, I turned on my heel, settled my dickey a fraction higher, adjusted my hat to a most ferocious cock, slightly agitated a small tuft of hair which was luxuriating under my chin, and—evaporated. At the dinner table I secured a seat opposite the same young man, and looked at him fiercely, to his almost utter annihilation.

KNOWLEDGE.

All men are asking knowledge, though few make it their entire study. Some may indeed have a greater desire for it—a quicker perception of its most hidden truths, and a more felicitous manner of conveying the results of their inquiries to others.

Knowledge is ever ready to exhibit her jewels when sought with sincerity,—though her votaries may be distributed through the various grades of society, yet like Health, her blessings rest alike upon the prince in the pageantry of his power, and the hermit in the solitude of his cell. Unlike the base mercenaries of the world, she has indeed shown a preference for the poor and despised. She has sought in the loneliness of the hovel, brought forth objects of kingly contempt, and placed them first in the ranks of men, and the noble, the titled, and self-styled *great* of the earth all bow in obeisance before them.

Knowledge is bountiful in her rewards. Wealth may steal the eyes of men, but knowledge will rule their hearts; if wealth has power, knowledge has much more power. The power of wealth is temporary; that of knowledge as eternal as the source from whence it is derived. The sphere of the man of mere wealth is contracted; that of the man of *sound knowledge*, unbounded—it extends to generations unborn.

Emulation may be a strong incentive to mental improvement—the success of others in any pursuit prompts to emulation, and in a pursuit like that of

knowledge, where the object to be attained is of such magnitude, and the desire so universal, this spirit is natural. If chance throw us among companions whose conversation turns upon a subject with which we are not familiar, but which they appear to understand, we cannot avoid a feeling of inferiority; and if to this be added the humiliating reflection that it arises from an abuse of opportunities, a spirit of emulation will prompt us to supply the deficiency we have discovered.

ABBE PARIS.

One of the greatest impositions that has ever been palmed off upon the world, was that of the reported miraculous nature of the tomb of the Abbe Paris, in the city of the same name, about the year 1730. This Abbe, having conceived the idea of retiring from the world and devoting himself to what he deemed to be the service of God, relinquished all the property of which he was possessed to his brother, and passed the rest of his life in prayer and the rigorous duties of penitence. He submitted even to manual labors, and wove stockings for the poor, whom he considered, (not, perhaps, without justice,) as his brethren. He died in his retreat, in 1727, being thirty-seven years of age. His brother having erected a tomb for him in the cemetery of St. Medard, the poor whom he had relieved, some rich persons who had been edified, and many females who had been instructed by him resorted to the sepulchre to pray and exercise their devotion. The Jansenists, a religious sect in France at that time, and to which the Abbe Paris belonged, bestowed upon him the character of a saint, and declared that miracles could be wrought at his tomb. Accordingly, it appears that a number of sick persons were cured, or, at any rate, respectable persons swore to the fact of their having been cured, by paying their devotions there, and multitudes of persons afflicted with disease flocked thither from all quarters. One of the biographers of Rollin, the historian, accounts for these cures having been effected by attributing them to "violent convulsions which would produce a removal of disorders depending upon obstruction." However this may be, it is certain that a belief in the miraculous efficacy of the Abbe's tomb became so prevalent, the devotees came thither in such multitudes, and at length created such a disturbance, that the king, in January, 1732, ordered the cemetery to be closed up. This, of course, speedily put an end to all the above related would-be miracle-working.

One of the keenest epigrams that it has been my lot to read, was penned, penciled, chalked, or scratched upon this said tomb by some wag, upon the occasion of this seemingly arbitrary act of the king's. It ran thus:

"De par le roi: defense a Dieu
De faire miracles en ce lieu,"

which, being literally translated, means,

On the part of the king: to prevent God from working miracles in this place,

or, rendered into verse,

The king commands that God shall not
Work miracles upon this spot.

Like a two-edged sword, this epigram cuts both ways; for if, on the one hand, the above cures were really miraculous, then was it impiety in the king to endeavor to bar the Almighty from the performance of his will; and if, on the other hand, (which seems to be, under the circumstances, the more likely case,) they were not, then the epigram draws attention to the fact, that their cessation upon this act of the king's was a direct expose of the falsity of their claims to a divine origin.

W.